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are now acknowledged the best instruments in America, as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square pianos.

There were 200 pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

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PATENT AGRAPPE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agrappe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to Steinway & Sons: The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, have been established by themselves as a world-wide reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the Steinway Pianofortes are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims to the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Pianofortes in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, we then solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianofortes of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianofortes superior to them all.

S. B. MILLER, W. H. MASON, A. H. PLATT, HENRY GOLDEN, ROBERT HILL, THOS. FOWLER, HENRY C. TIMM, WM. BRADY, C. BERGMANN, G. W. MORRIS, E. MUSE, MAX MARTELL, THOS. THOMAS, CARL ANSCHUTZ, CARL WOLFFSON, F. L. HITTER, F. BRADY, R. WOLFFSON, THOS. MORRIS, CHAS. WELLS, F. VAN BREUNING.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianofortes for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianofortes known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonorous, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction in regard to their merits.

As long a time, as your Pianofortes; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARTELL, CARL ANSCHUTZ, KARL FOWLER, B. MARSHALL, ELIZA D'ARON, THOS. FOWLER, FERN. BRILLI, PEDRO DE ANILLA, THOS. MARSHALL, W. LOTTI, E. MUSE, FRANK HIMMEL, JOS. WIELKE, F. MAXWELL, JOH. HERMANN, D. B. LORENZ, GUSTAV TARKOW, MARIA JOSEPHINE, CARLOTTA C. SACCI, ISIDORE LERMAN, MARIA FREDERICK, MRS. J. VAN SARDT, H. STRICKER, PAULINE CANESSA.

Letter from the Renowned Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly," FRANK ART.

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Agrappe Grand Concert Pianofortes, which had been brought here by Mr. Honnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undiminished admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the base, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and with such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tone, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANK ART.

BROOKLYN, JANUARY 26, 1861.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From "A Discourse on Piano," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano.

WARREN, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

ARTEMUS WARD.

AMONG THE
FENIANS.

To HOME, April, 1866.

The Finians convened in our town the other night, and took steps towards freein' Ireland. They met into the Town Hall, and by the kind invite of my naber, Mr. Mulroony O'Shaughnessy, whose ancestors at least must have had Irish blood in their vanes, I went over.

You may not be aware, by the way, that I've bin a invalid here to home for sev'ril weeks. And it's all owing to my own improvidens. Not feelin' like eatin' a full meal when the cars stop for dinner, in the South, where I lately was, I went into a Restaurant and at 20 hard billed eggs. I think they effected my liver.

My wife says, Po, po. She says I've got a splendid liver for a man of my time of life. I've heard of men's livers gradually wastin' away till they hadn't none. It's a dreadful thing when a man's liver gives him the shake.

Two years ago comin' this May, I had a tack of fever-n-ager, and by the advice of Miss Peaky (who contains single and is correspondin'ly on-happy in the same ratio), I consulted a spiritoal mejum—a writin' mejum. I got a letter from a celebrated Injin chief, who writ me, accordin' to the mejum, that he'd bin ded two hundred and seventeen (217) years, and liked it. He then said, let the Pale face drink sum yarb tea! I drink it, and it really helped me. I've writ to this talented savage this time thro' the same mejum, but as yet I hain't got any answer. Perhaps he's in a spear where they hain't got any postage stamps.

But I thank to careful nussin', I'm improv'n rapid.

The Town Hall was jam-full of peple, mostly Irish citizens, and the enthusiasm was immense. They cheer'd everybody and everything. They cheer'd me.

"Hurroo for Ward! Hurroo!"

They was all good nabers of mine, and I anserd in a pleasant voice, "All right, boys, 'all right. Ma-vourneen, och hone, aroon, Coosha-maoree!" These Irish remarks ber received with grate applaus, I added "Mushler! Mushler!"

"Good! Good!" cried Cap. Spingler, who desires the Irish vote for County Clerk—"that's fust' rate."

"You see what I'm drivin' at, don't you, Cap?" I said.

"Certinly."

"Well," I anserd, "I'm very glad you do, because I don't."

This made the Finians larf, and they said walk up onto the speaker's platform, sir.

The speeches was red hot agin England, and her iron heel, and it was resolved to free Ireland at once. But it was much desirable before freein' her that a large quantity of funs should be raised. And, like gen'rous souls as they was, funs was lib'rally contributed. Then arose a excitin' discussion as to which head center they should send 'em to—O'Mahony or McKoberts. There was grate excitement over this, but it was finally resolved to send half to one and half to t'other.

Then Mr. Finnigan rose and said we hav here tonight sum citizens of American birth, from whom we should be glad to hear. It would fill our hearts with speechless joy to hear from a man whose name towers high in the zoological and wax finger world—from whose pearly lips—

Says I, "Go slow, Finny, go slow."

"We wish to hear," continued Mr. Finnigan, moderatin' his stile summat, from our townsman, Mr. Ward."

I beg'd to be declined, but it wasn't no use. I rose amidst a perfect uproar of applaus.

I said we had convened there in a meetin', as I understood it, or rather in a body as it were, in reference to Ireland. If I knew my own hart, every one of us there, both grate and small, had an impulse flowin' in his bosom, "and consequentially," I added, "we will stick to it similar and in accordance therewith, as long as a spark of manhood, or the peple at large. That's the kind of man I be!"

Squire Thaxter interrupted me. The Squire feels the wrongs of Ireland deeply, on accounts of

havin' once courted the widdier of a Irish gentleman who had lingered in a loathsum dunjin in Dublin, placed there by a English tavern-keeper, who despatched him to pay for a quantity of chops and beer he had consom'd. Besides, the Squire wants to be re-elected Justice of the Peace. "Mr. Ward," he said, "you've been drinkin'. You're under the influence of licker, sir!"

Says I, "Squire, not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in 15 years."

[Cries of "Oh here now, that won't do."]

"It is true," I said. "Not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in all that time. I don't let it pass 'em. I reach for it while it's goin' by!" says I. "Squire, harness me sum more!"

"I beg pardon," said the Squire, "for the remark; you are sober; but what on airth are you drivin' at?"

"Yes," I said, "that's just it. That's what I've bin drivin' myself durin' the entire evenin'. What is this grate meetin' drivin' at? What's all the grate Fenian meetins' drivin' at all over the country?"

"My Irish frens, you know me well enuff to know that I didn't come here to disturb this meetin'. No-body but a loafer will disturb any kind of a meetin'. And if you'll notice it, them as are up to this sort of thing, allers come to a bad end. There was a young man—I will not mention his name—who disturb'd my show in a certin town, two years ago, by makin' remarks disrespectful of my animals, accompanied by a alloan to the front part of my bed, which, as you see, it is Bald—sayin', says this young man, 'You gadpaper it too much, but you've got a beautiful back of hair to the back of your neck, old man.' This made a few ignorant and low-minded persons larf; but what was the fate of that young man? In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford county, Maine! The human mind can picture no grater misfortin than this."

"No, my Irish frens, I am here as your naber and fren. I know you are brave and warm-hearted. I know you are honest in this Finian matter. But let us look at them Head Centers. Let us look at them rip-roarin' orators in New York, who've bin tearin' round for up'ards a year, swearin' Ireland shall be free."

"There's two parties—O'McMahony's and McO-Roberts. One thinks the best way is to go over to Canada and establish a Irish Republic there, kindly permittin' the Canadians to pay the expenses of that sweet boom; and the other wants to sail direct for Dublin Bay, where young McRoy and his fair young bride went down and was drowded, accordin' to a ballad I once heard. But there's one pint on which both sides agree—that's the Funs. There willin', them chaps in New York, to receive all the Funs you'll send 'em. You send a puss to-night to Mahony, and another puss to Roberts. Both will receive 'em. You bet. And with other pusses it will be sim'lar."

"I was into Mr. Delmonico's eatin' house the other night, and I saw my fren, Mr. Terrence McFadden, who is a elefant and enterprisin' deputy Center. He was sittin' at a table, eatin' a canvas back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poul. And a bottle of green seal stood before him."

"How are you, Mr. McFadden?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Ward! I am miserable!—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffer! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be forever ground under by the iron heel of the despotic Briton?—but, Mr. Ward, won't you eat suthin'?"

"Well," I said, "if there's another canvas-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin' you in bein' ground under by Briton's iron heel."

"Green turtle soup, first!" he said.

"Well, yes. If I'm to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don't care if I do hav' a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it," I said to the waiter. "It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had 'em baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin', and then all went up to the village church, and had a refreshin' nap in the fam'ly pew."

"Mr. McFadden, who was sufferin' so thurly for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing. I've no doubt that some skally patriotic member of the Roberts' wing was sufferin' in the same way over to the Mason-Dory eatin' house."

"They say, feller citizens, soon you will see a blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain't seen nothin' but a Blow, so far—it's been all blow, and the blowers in New York won't get out of the Bellouses as long as our Irish frens in the rooral districts send 'em money."

"Let the green float above the red, if that'll make it any better, but don't you be the green. Don't never go into anything till you know whereabouts you're goin' to."

"This is a very good country here where you are. You Irish hav' enjoyed our boons, held your share of our offices, and you certainly hav' done your share of our votin'. Then why this hullabaloo about freein' Ireland? You do your frens in Ireland a grate in-jury, too; because they b'lieve you're comin' sure enuff, and they fly off the handle and get into jail. My Irish frens, ponder these things a little. 'Zamine 'em closely, and above all find out where the pusses go to."

I sot down. There was no applaus, but they listened to me kindly. They know'd I was honest, however wrong I might be; and they know'd, too, that there was no peple on airth whose generosity and gallantry I had a higher respect for than the Irish, except when they fly off the handle. So my feller citizens let me toot my horn.

But Squire Thaxter put his hand onto my hed, and said, in a mournful tone of vois, "Mr. Ward your mind is failin'. Your intelleck totters! You are only about sixty years of age, yet you will soon be a drivellin' dotard, and have no control over your-self."

"I have no control over my arms now," I replied, drivin' my elbows suddenly into the Squire's stomach, which caused that corpyllet magistrate to fall violently off the stage into the fiddler's box, where he stuck his venerable hed into a bass drum, and stated "murder" twice, in a very loud vois.

It was late when I got home. The children and my wife was all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin'—gleamed in Betsy's room: it gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentimental mood still so gently ore me stealin', and I pawed before Betsy's winder, and sung, in a kind of op'ratio vois, as follers, impromptoo, to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I tuck my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a villent crash, and a form rebbed in spotless white, exclaimed, "Cum into the house, you old fool. To-morrow you'll be goin' round complainin' about your liver!"

I sot up a spell by the kitchen fire readin' Lewis Napoleon's Life of Julius Caesar. What a reckless old cuss he was! Yit Lewis pictures him in glowin' cullers. Caesar made it lively for the boys in Gaul, didn't he? He slew one million of citizens, male and female—Gauls and Gaulnesses—and then he sold another million of 'em into slavery. He continued this cheerful stile of thing for sum time when one day he was 'assinated in Rome by some high-toned Roman gentleman, led on by Mr. Brutus. When old Bruty inserted his knife into him, Caesar admitted that he was gone up. His funeral was a great success, the house being crowded to its utmost capacity. Ten minutes after the doors were opened, the Ushers had to put up cards on which was printed, "Standin' Room Only."

I went to bed at last. "And so," I said, "thou hast no ear for sweet melody?" A silvery snore was my only answer. Betsy sleeps.

—Phil. Home Weekly.

ARTHEMUS WARD.

SIGNIFICANT VISITATION.—The superintendents of the various insane asylums of the country are holding a conference in Washington. On Wednesday they in a body called upon the President, and were severally introduced to him by Dr. Nichols, who said that these gentlemen were all engaged in a work purely of a scientific and a humane character, and therefore it was improper, nor was there any disposition, to make any political remarks. They came to pay their respects and to express their sincere wishes for the President's health and every other personal blessing. The President thanked them profoundly and sincerely for the compliment of the visit and the expression of their kind feelings, and said that he knew how to appreciate the important and good work in which they were engaged.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE LOAN OF A VOICE.

BY M. A. E.

The village of Hilton was a sleepy, quiet place, remarkable for nothing in particular; but queer things happened there as well as in the more bustling towns of this country.

John Marryl was remarkable in the town for three things—his charming wife, his good nature, and his fine tenor voice.

I put the wife first, out of compliment to the ladies, but it is my own private opinion that his good nature was his best gift, and was probably none the less useful to him for possessing the charming wife.

One fine summer night, John, and his friend Charley Bangs were walking in a pretty lane which the townspeople took a pride in calling Algernon Avenue, probably because it was no avenue, and no Algernon had lived in the town within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

They were both silent, and puffed little white clouds from their cigars up into the green foliage.

"Charley," said John, "you are blue to-night."

"Am I?—No, I am not—Well—the fact is I am disappointed, because your Quintette club failed to meet to-night. I had counted on it."

"I am sorry we did not have our rehearsal, as you seldom drop in among us. But it is not such a very grave matter, surely. We meet every week."

"Yes, but next week will be too late."

"Why, what is going to happen?"

"Miss Boswell is going away on Saturday."

"Oh, ho!" said John, "oh, ho! But she is not a member of our club."

"Can't you see, John," said Charley pettishly, "that I wish to give her a serenade? I had thought of getting your club to go round to the Judge's after the rehearsal, but now that is all knocked in the head."

"If I were a young fellow like you, Charley, I would not let a lot of married men, and crusty old bachelors serenade a pretty girl for me. When all the town is hushed in slumber, stand under your lady-love's window, and sing some tender melody, and the tones of your voice will mingle deliciously with her dreams."

"All that is very fine talking, but you forget that I cannot sing a note. She would be more likely to dream about a screech-owl."

"True," said John, as he lighted another cigar.

"Then I would give up the serenade. Music is not the only thing capable of charming a lady's heart."

"But I cannot very well give it up, for I committed myself in a manner."

"You don't mean to say that you told her you were going to give her a serenade. That was very unwise. It takes away all the charm to know it beforehand."

"I did not exactly tell her, but she knows it. She found it out somehow. These women are so smart. I can't answer for other fellows, but I know how it is with me. I can't keep anything from them. Now if I could borrow your voice for one night."

"I wish with all my heart you had it, Charley. Somehow it has been the means of getting me into a variety of scrapes."

"Yes," said Charley, musingly. "She certainly expects that serenade. Jim Barnes and Sammy Jacobs were out the other night with an accordeon, and a triangle, and the next day she thanked me for my serenade."

"She is a saucy minx," said John, laughing, "and will surely lead you into mischief. I would have nothing more to do with her, if I were you."

"Ah, John, your advice has come too late."

"Why, you don't mean that, Charley."

"Yes, I do mean just that."

"You are engaged to her, I suppose, then."

"Engaged! No, indeed! I wish I was. And then instead of standing in the cold moonlight serenading her, I'd be—well, never mind where I'd be. But I'm in for it now, John. I am over head and ears in love with the girl, and the more she torments me the more I love her. Whether she has found out my secret I cannot tell, but I intend she shall know it before she leaves Hilton."

"I will bet a thousand gold dollars that she knows it now," thought John, but he said nothing.

"I say, John," said Charley, suddenly, stopping and laying his hand on John's arm, "suppose you do it for me."

"I," cried John, aghast, "I propose for a young lady on another man's account! I did that job once on my own, and it nearly killed me. I couldn't do it, Charley."

"What do you mean, John Marryl? Are you crazy? Who wants you to propose for anybody?"

"Why, didn't you say you were going to tell her—you know what—and then didn't you propose that I should do it for you?"

"Nothing of the kind. I asked you if you couldn't stand under her window, and sing that song you were talking so glibly about my singing. I think that is a capital idea, John. It will suit her romantic notions a great deal better than an orchestra."

"And a pretty figure I would cut, Charley Bangs, going home to my wife at one o'clock in the morning, and telling her I had been serenading a young lady. She is a monstrous fine woman, Charley, but no woman could stand such a thing as that you know."

"It is only ten o'clock, now," said Charley, "and we can go round to Judge Boswell's directly. The old couple always go to bed at half-past nine, and Miss Clara sits by the window, and looks out at the moonlight, and this will be just the time when she

feels romantic, and sentimental, and all that sort of thing."

"But what will she say when she discovers that you did not sing it yourself, and you say she finds everything out. It is not like you, Charley, to practice any deception."

Charley laughed gaily. "She will not be deceived. She knows very well that I can't sing any more than a cow. I have set my heart on giving her a serenade; for she has a romantic turn, though she is such a wild, frolicsome creature; and, if I choose to employ a single voice instead of several instruments, I see no harm in it."

Thus persuaded, John finally consented to Charley's proposition.

A short walk brought them to Judge Boswell's, where Clara had been spending some time with her uncle's family. The house stood quite near the lane, and behind it a lawn stretched down to the creek, a pretty stream flowing into the river, a quarter of a mile below. The two young men took their positions under a tall lilac hedge. John sang Abt's beautiful song, "Sleep Well," with a great deal of sweetness and feeling, for he conscientiously turned his back upon the Judge's house, and looked toward his own maple-shaded home, fixing his thoughts upon his lovely wife in the little sitting-room, and he fancied her in a light slumber, in the crimson chair by the east window, and tenderly dreaming of him. The locusts and katydids hushed their notes to listen, and John's voice was the only sound on the night air. Even the light-hearted Charley was quite subdued, and stood with folded arms, and eyes cast down to the earth until the last notes of "Schlaf' wold! du süsser lieber Engel du!" had died upon the ear.

"Ah!" sighed he.

At this moment over the hedge came flying a grace-hoop stick with a piece of white paper tied to the end of it. Charley seized it, tore off the note, and darted out from the hedge into the moonlight with it. But it was faintly written in pencil, and he was forced to strike a match in order to read it.

"Here is a pretty mess!" he whispered as he returned to John.

"What is up now?" asked John, as they moved further from the house.

"She thinks I sang that song."

"I thought you said she knew you could not sing."

"I supposed, of course, she knew it. Every one else does. Did she never hear you sing, John?"

"Never. But I don't see that there is any great harm done after all. It is easily explained."

"Not so easy. Listen to her note."

"Your song was delicious. I want to hear it again, but not among all these people. [Confound it, you see she had company.] It is not late. Let us take a row down the creek. The boat is under the old oak. I will meet you there."

"Well, I must say I see nothing in that to be worried about. You are a lucky fellow, for the note is encouraging enough for the faintest heart."

"Not so much so as you think. I know her well. She is a wild little gypsy, and her impulses lead her to do strange things sometimes. But I think there is a little encouragement in it, and there is just my difficulty; for, when a lady is very much pleased with a pretty and tender compliment, and thinks it is your own, it is not so easy to tell her you did not do it, and can't do it to save your life."

"No," said John, "clearly it is not. But it has to be told, Charley, there is no help for it that I can see."

"I know it," said Charley, "and I am going to do it. But you know what an unmerciful tease she is. And he walked off in a very bad humor, and forgot to thank John for singing for him."

"Stay!" cried John, running after him. "Don't you take Miss Clara boating at this hour of the night. It will set all the gossips of Hilton on the rampage."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Charley, as he strode away. He did not walk as fast as he might have done. And all the way, do what he would, the lines kept buzzing through his brain:

"Three mighty men were turned out doors, Because they could not sing."

"I am a fool," thought he. "It is no crime not to be able to sing, and Clara is too sensible a girl to misunderstand my motives in getting John to sing for me."

And just then he found himself under the oak tree, and there in very truth was the boat, and the lady already seated in it. Before he could utter a word she called out to him:

"You are here at last, are you? Well, I thought you were never coming. I have got the oars, so please push off, and jump in. I have got chilled, sitting in this dark, damp place, and I will row down the creek to warm myself. When we get out from under the shadow of these dismal trees and bushes you shall sing Abt's song again, and other things. There! just missed! It is not an easy matter to steer through this place. On! you need not come to take the oars. I know the creek perfectly. Sit down quietly, and behave yourself like a good boy."

Charley did sit down. He had a stunned sort of feeling as if somebody or something had hit him on the head. "I never heard Clara talk this way before," thought he. "What mood is she in now?" The words grated harshly on his ear. He did not like them. They did not sound like Clara, who, though somewhat of a hoyden, never lacked refinement in speech and manner. But this did not prevent him from pondering over a little speech he intended to make to her when they got out into the moonlight. He succeeded in putting together such a pretty speech that it entirely restored his good humor. It was all about steering her bark down the

river of life; shielding her from the tempests, rocks, quicksands, and breakers, all entered into its composition; and it wound up with something about a calm and quiet haven, sunny waters, and gentle zephyrs. He sat quietly thinking, while the lady rowed on, twisting her pretty little head nearly off in futile attempts to look behind her, as she slowly pulled the boat across the narrow channel, and the dark oarsman's head. At last she pulled out into the wide river, and under the broad light of the beautiful full moon. She was the first to see her own boat.

"Now," she said, "I shall enjoy the song if you are not asleep. And, if you choose, you can first take a kiss."

Charley had no time to be amazed—no time for reflection. The thought of kissing Clara's rosy cheek was too much for his philosophy, and he seized her in his arms and kissed her forthwith.

"Good gracious! Mr. Bangs!" shrieked the lady. Charley staggered backward. "Mrs. Marryl!" cried he.

"I thought you were John!"

"And I thought—Here Charley remembered the kiss, and was silent."

"How did you dare, Mr. Bangs?" said the lady, indignantly. "I will tell John. I wish he was here now," she added piteously. "Oh, Mr. Bangs, won't you take me home?"

"Certainly I will," said Charley, whose ideas were beginning to get a little straightened. And he picked up an oar which had got in the bottom of the boat by some unaccountable process. "Where is the other one?" said he.

It was gone. Unsuspected by the lady's sudden start, it had fallen into the river, and floated silently away. Mrs. Marryl looked at Charley as if she suspected him of throwing it overboard.

"Now what on earth shall we do?" said she; though if she had substituted water for earth her question would have been more appropriate.

"I must work the boat to shore with one oar," said Charley. "Unfortunately the tide is running down, and I am afraid we will have to land some distance below the village. But that is no great matter," he said cheerily, as he saw a cloud gathering on the lady's brow. "You are a good walker, I know, and we will soon reach your house."

Somewhat reassured by Charley's manner, Mrs. Marryl said: "And now will you be so kind as to tell me how you came to be in this boat?"

And Charley told his story—very reluctantly, but there was no help for it. Nor was he at all pleased that Mrs. Marryl laughed so heartily at it. "And now may I ask how you came to be in this boat?" he said in conclusion.

"I had been spending the evening with Clara. I left word at home for Mr. Marryl to come for me when he returned from the club. When I heard his voice under the lilac hedge, I thought it was just like him to announce himself in that way; and as those disagreeable Antebury girls were with Clara, I did not care to stay there, and I thought it would be a nice thing for John and me to have a row on the river. So I wrote that note, and tied it to a grace-stick, and threw it over the hedge to John. And now I expect the poor fellow is very much worried about me, and wondering where I am."

"He has no doubt gone to Judge Boswell's by this time, and Clara has explained your absence; so he knows of the mistake we made." And Charley's inmost soul was chafed, as he reflected that Clara must know of it too, and what sport it would be for that merry little gypsy. And there was his speech that he had composed for the river, and moonlight, what use would it be to him in Judge Boswell's front parlor, or even in the grape arbor. Such a splendid chance as this would have been!

When Charley at last got the boat to shore they were at least two miles down the river, and they started on their long walk homeward in no very enviable frame of mind.

After John Marryl had offered the advice to Charley which that young gentleman had so disdainfully rejected, he complacently lighted another cigar, and strolled leisurely homeward. When he arrived there he found that his wife had gone to Judge Boswell's, and wished him to come for her, so he quickly retraced his steps. He was ushered into the parlor, where he found only Miss Clara.

"Where is Kate?" he said after a few minutes' conversation, finding his wife did not make her appearance.

"She left here nearly an hour ago, and said she was going to have a row on the river with you."

"I know nothing of a row on the river," said the bewildered John. "I have not seen her since supper."

"Were you not singing under the lilac hedge?"

"Yes."

"She said it was you, and that she was going out to ask you to take her boating, and I have not seen her since. Can any harm have happened to her?" said Clara, turning pale. "It is dark down by the creek."

A light broke upon John. "I think she is with Charley Bangs," he said, with a smile, though he felt very much annoyed. "There has been a mistake all around. I suppose you did not send a grace-stick careering over the lilac hedge, with a note tied to it?"

"Not I," said Clara.

"No; I see now. Kate sent it to me, and Charley got it, and thought it was from you."

"I am not at all obliged to him," said Clara.

"Don't be angry with him. He was half wild. They have both made a pretty mistake. But I should have thought—shouldn't you—that they

would have come back when they met at the creek, and found it out?"

"Perhaps they did not want to," demurely suggested Clara.

The two sat in the parlor and talked for a time that seemed quite long to both of them. John was obliged to explain the night's adventure to Clara, and it put her in a bad humor. If it had all turned out pleasantly she would never have objected to the serenade; but now she was quite severe on poor Charley. John tried to defend him, but only made the matter worse; and finally he proposed that they should go down to the creek, and meet the rowers. "It is nearly twelve now," said he, "and if they are not in sight I shall think some accident has happened."

Clara went with him. She felt sorry for him, he seemed so uneasy, and she was curious to see the end of the adventure. They went down to a summer house which commanded a view of the river, but no boat was in sight.

"We will soon see them," said John. "No doubt there is some good reason for their delay. My Kate is always in the right, and so is Charley, generally, though he is sometimes hot-headed."

"I hope Mrs. Marryl will return safely," said Clara; "but as for Mr. Bangs, he may go to the bottom of the river, for aught I care—except I should be sorry for his mother."

"That is a cruel speech, Miss Clara, when only this very night he was telling me how he loved you."

"S r," said Clara, rising, with all the dignity her small person could command.

"Now I have finished Charley's business with a vengeance!" thought the blundering John. "Served him right though! What business has he had to go boating with my wife! But the generous-hearted fellow could not harbor suspicion, nor could he resist making his friend's cause his own."

"Miss Clara," said he, "I ought not to have said what I did, and I beg your pardon."

"I am very glad you told me," said Clara. "If Mr. Bangs chooses to make me the subject of such conversations I ought to know it," and she turned to depart.

"You must not go, Miss Clara," said John, seizing her hands, "until you hear what I have to say. Charley has never spoken of you except in the most respectful manner. The secret I have just blurted out he told me in a moment of confidence, and I shall never forgive myself if you look upon it in the wrong light. He did not wish me to tell you, and when he tells his own story in his own way, what I have just said must be to you as if it had never been uttered. I shall never mention it. Forget it then. Charley need not know of this, or Mrs. Marryl, either. You may rely upon my secrecy. Promise me. Will you not promise me?"

Before that long, tedious walk up the river was finished, Charley and Mrs. Marryl had ceased to feel any desire to talk. They were heartily glad when they saw the chimneys on Judge Boswell's house, and the familiar trees on the creek. They heard voices in the summer-house—pleading and earnest tones—and passed within a few yards of the open front just as John was pronouncing the last portion of his appeal. They saw the group within distinctly, and heard John's words. Then all was silence.

Charley's eyes blazed, and he made one stride towards the summer-house; but Mrs. Marryl, though weak and faint, clutched his arm convulsively. "Would you leave me here to die?" she whispered. "Take me home." But any person to have seen the pair would have thought she was taking him home, for she fairly dragged him away from the spot; expecting every moment to see the gleaming of a pistol, forgetting that the inhabitants of that quiet old borough were not in the habit of carrying loaded revolvers when they went to serenade their lady loves.

On the way home she changed her mind, and concluded she would go to her mother's at the other end of the village; and so poor Charley walked with her there as he would have walked with anybody to the ends of the earth, for it mattered little to him now. Mrs. Marryl declared she hated John, and would never see him again, and all the time she felt for him such a tender solicitude that she only talked to find out whether Charley had any blood-thirsty intentions. But he vouchsafed her never a word, and at her mother's door she asked him the downright question: "You are not going back to the creek, are you?"

"No," said Charley; "what is the use?"

That point settled to her satisfaction, Mrs. Marryl was at liberty to turn her thoughts upon herself, and so she took a good hearty cry, and told her mother a strange story that the old lady could not understand one word of, and therefore she made a stiff brandy toddy, and poured it scalding hot down her daughter's throat, which gave Kate another fit of crying, and then put her to sleep.

Meanwhile John had pleaded his friend's case so effectually that Clara had not only got over her resentment, but almost confessed that she could not say No to Charley's suit.

And then the town clock struck twelve. Both started to their feet.

"I must go in," said Clara, "aunt will scold me, if she knows how late I am out."

"And where is my Kate?" said John. That wretched scamp of a Charley Bangs! If I get hold of him I will break every bone in his body."

"What!" said Clara, "your paragon! You just now represented him to me as a sort of semi-saint."

"Well, I don't know what to make of it, that is a fact! Stupid!" he cried suddenly. "I expect Kate has been home an hour. No doubt the tide was too strong for Charley to row against, and they landed below and walked home. Why did I not think of that before?"

"No doubt that is it," said Clara, as she ran into the house; and John walked rapidly home only to find it deserted. His wife had not been there. Then he went round to Charley's mother's. He found Mrs. Bangs fastening her shutters. She was surprised to see John. "I waited up for Charley," she said, "but it is clear he is not coming home to-night."

John never knew until that moment how miserable it is possible for a man to be. He walked down the river road, and found the boat fastened two miles below the village. This assured him that they had not been drowned, but in his then frame of mind, it was scarcely a relief to learn this. He continued his walk for some miles, but that did him no good, and he finally retraced his steps. In the grey of the morning he approached Hilton, and, through the thick and blinding mist, he saw the indistinct figure of a man coming towards him from the village. As he drew near, John saw that he was haggard and hollow-eyed; his clothes were wet with the night dew, his steps faltering and slow, and it was not until he had come face to face with him that John recognized the gay and trim Charley Bangs.

"He does not look like a culprit," thought John. "She is dead, and he has come to tell me."

He did not know that his own appearance was the exact counterpart of his friend's.

"How miserable he looks," thought Charley; "he is no happier than myself."

And so instead of flying at each other as they certainly would have done if they had not both looked so utterly forlorn, Charley said, "John, here is the creek handy; the best thing we could do is to drown ourselves."

Of course explanations followed, and of course John found his wife very soon. Her pretty eyes were red and swollen, and her mother was busy concocting another brandy toddy.

And of course Charley had a good appetite for his breakfast, and then got himself up in his best manner, and found Miss Clara in the summer-house, so that he was able to bring in part of his speech about the river, so, at least, he would have been able if he had not forgotten it all. But he drove her home on Saturday, and though it was a long ride he was very sorry when he reined up at the gate.

"And to think, Charley," said Clara, "that during all this long day I have not once asked you to sing! And you sing so charmingly, too!"

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.

"Religion, Society, Nature—such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingle that inner fatality, the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart." As in *Notre Dame de Paris* we saw the working of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the resistless pressure of the second, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irrevocably, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. We may notice here, in passing, that the English translation is a singularly indifferent performance, which gives the reader very little notion of the force of the original. The translator is constantly making downright blunders, and, when he does not blunder, is exceedingly weak. It seems the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, Emperors and Republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country. It may be admitted that in the present instance the difficulties in the way of a good translation are sufficiently numerous. The book is not wholly free from what the world has agreed to consider the characteristic defects of its writer. His fondness for the display of minute knowledge of names and dates and events inflicts on the reader tedious catalogues, which are not valuable in themselves, and which interfere with the artistic effect besides. Accuracy of local coloring, too, scarcely demands those long lists of rocks and creeks in the Channel Islands which are forgotten as soon as read. And an English reader wonders how the author came to write, as he does repeatedly, *le Bag-Pipe*, when he means the Bag-pipes; or, still more amazing and impossible, *le premier de la quatrieme* as French for the Fifth of April—which is almost incredible as the old story of *poitrine de caleçons* for "chest of drawers." Those, again, who cannot forgive Victor Hugo for his staccato style of writing, which makes each sentence come on us like a pellet shot from a gun, will find at least as much cause of offence as ever. But if there are these and other old flaws and imperfections, there is also a power, a

depth, a sublimity which the author has scarcely reached before, either in his prose or his verse.

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he has ever chosen. When he illustrated the bitter destiny which overwhelms the social outcast, he wrote with the air of the philosopher who views life through the understanding, but he was in truth writing in the spirit of the poet who sees things through his emotions. This made *Les Misérables* a splendid and affecting picture, and gave it that air of presenting life and reality as a whole which was its most conspicuous mark. But it was felt that the sensibilities of the poet had been engaged all on one side, and that they were so strong as to sweep away all considerations of the function which society exists to discharge, and of the kind and quantity of instruments which are the only ones to her hand. Moreover, whenever anybody speaks of the irresistible weight of social laws, we feel that they are only irresistible in a sense; and, still more important, we feel that they are capable of such an amelioration by slow steps as shall leave none but bad men burdened by their prescriptions. But the fatality of Nature is different from the so-called fatality of Society. The forces of the merciless ocean and the winds, the inhospitable solitudes of the sea-rocks, the fierce cruelty of the sea-monsters, are what they are. By no taking thought can man mollify the tempest or mitigate the fury of the storm. He adds to the number of his devices for escaping from the ferocity of nature, but the winds rage and the waters are tossed, and the monsters seek their victims just the same. The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the fatality of Nature, Jean Valjean who had to contend with the fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of this purpose could not be concealed. The good Bishop was just as artificial. Gilliatt, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace. "He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible, but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity." "Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliatt presented himself under both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity." A very superficial critic might say that Gilliatt is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality, there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable in two characters each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls *Ananké*. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliatt is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of having nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws—the theme of the book—is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labor and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through nearly every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "far-reaching murmur of the deep."

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt recovering the machinery of the steam-boat from the terrible rock may make us forget the singular power of the earlier scene at the same spot, where *Sieur Clubin* found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy." The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has

perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which *Clubin* has, against his intention, driven the steamboat is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennae, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. Then, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber, of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a lawful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupations of the gloom."—The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the most terrible of these monsters, in a succeeding part of the book, is one which nobody who has once read it, can forget, any more than the horrors of the *Inferno* of Dante can be forgotten. The picture at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other."

"Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every perverse intelligence, is a sphinx, yproounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture c'est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. We are sepulchres." But we are not quite left here. "Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur." It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course, nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbor-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has the most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well-known picture of "The Toad" in the *Legend des Siècles*. The hideous creature is squatting in the road in a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. "In the distance an ass coming on, drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they betink themselves to put the toad in the rut where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and betwacking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heart-ache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable. In the "Toilers of the Sea" we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards Society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Wordsworth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously enveloped, not as some remote and pure spirit shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification of Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring forces. The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived, because nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of the winds, for instance: "In the solitudes of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They make sport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands, they knead the boundless supple waters." The gigantic wave, again,

at a later period of the storm, "which was a sum of forces, and had, as it were, the mien of a living being. You could almost fancy in that swelling transparent mass the growth of fins and gills. It spread itself forth, and then in fury dashed itself in pieces against the breakwater. Its monstrous shape was all ragged and torn in the rebound. There was left on the block of granite and timber the huge destruction of some portentous hydra. The surge spread rain in its own expiring moment. The wave seemed to clutch and devour. A shudder quivered through the rock. There was a sound as of some growling monster, the froth was like the foaming mouth of a Leviathan."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm—and the variety and movement in the picture are among its most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of Nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme fatality.

[For the Saturday Press.]

WE PARTED AT THE OMNIBUS.

FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF PETROLEUM.

We parted at the omnibus, I never may forget,
Your eyes, my love, like skies above, with dew were heavy wet:
Your luggage, love, I handed up, as the driver round did pull,
I could not speak, for O! my heart, like the omnibus, was full.

Your little hand all lovingly lay rustling soft in mine,
Those gentle eyes upon me shone in sadness so divine;
"Through life, my love, I go with thee," I tremblingly began,
When spoke an honest German man, "Dar's only seats vor you."

My miniature you had, my sweet, all painted nice and bland,
Your colored carte you gave me as the agent gave his hand,
"You'll write to me, I know you will, this aching heart to ease,
And every line from you will be"—"Miss, ten cents, if you please."

I put you in a corner, love, to take that dreary ride,
I saw a pair of striped pants just seated by your side,
With gun and hound, from out of town, to hunt 'twas going down,
And I heard a suit of rusty black call Stripes a "Mister Brown."

They closed the door with a bang that seemed to bring a blight,
My heart kept throbbing All is wrong—the agent sang "All right!"
My happiness on wheels rolled off, by fate, alas, decreed,
Three spanking trotters under lash, a racker in the lead.

The war came on, and I went off in search of glory's track,
To dare digestion, and the rebel, on side meat and hard tack;
I fought, and marched, and starved, alas! the toughest of our set,
A captain in the line, my love, a gin'ral by brevet.

And Stripes, he sought the army, too, an A. Q. M. was he,
With gold and grub at his command he fought for liberty.
With mild-eyed peace, and very poor, again I sought the town,
To see you lean on happy Stripes—he called you "Misses Brown."

—Mac-a-Check, April 15th, 1866.

(From London Society.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"I never saw such rain in my life."
"My dear, it always rains at Genoa."
"Then why does 'Murray' say that Genoa is a dry place, with sharp cutting winds?"
"My dear, 'Murray' makes a mistake. I have been here—let me see—six times; and every time it has been just like this, close, muggy weather, and raining warm water."

"I suppose it is the time of the year?"
"October: yes—I have always been here in October, certainly—on the way to Rome; but if a place were ever dry and cold, one would fancy it would be just in October. I can't say though that I ever saw it pelt as it does now: it is more like Roman rain."

"A nice prospect for the Magra!"
"That odious Magra! No people can say that there is a road from Genoa to Pisa, when there is that thing right across the middle of it I cannot imagine!"

Such was the dialogue which took place between Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Mary, as they waited the summons to the table d'hôte, in their marble-floored apartment, at the *Hotel de la Croix de Malte*, at Genoa. Mary was in rather delicate health, and her mother was taking her to Rome for the winter in the hope of bringing some roses into her cheeks.

Not that there was anything seriously the matter, but her lack of bloom was mortifying to maternal vanity.

"Don't talk of being pale, my dear," Mrs. Leslie used to say; "paleness is one thing, and sallowness is another. I was a pale girl myself, but as to you, you look like a bit of waxwork fifty years old. You are never fit to be seen except by candle-light." She need not have been uneasy: many a rosy-cheeked damsel was thrown altogether into the shade by her pale daughter.

"Blanche, are you ready?" said Mary, knocking at the door of an inner room.

(Continued on page 6.)

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Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

The friend of whom I wrote you last Friday as being "dangerously ill and not expected to live from hour to hour," passed away from this scene of things before the setting of that day's sun.

I had dwelt for nearly a year under his roof, and the thought of parting with him so suddenly—for but a short month ago he was in the full flush of robust manhood—unfitted me for performing the most ordinary duties.

This may be a weakness—indeed not a few readers of the PRESS have reproached me with it as such—but not being made of iron nor steel, and not finding so many good people in my little world that I can afford to lose any of them, especially as I am getting too old to care much about cultivating new people—you will often have to excuse the weakness, if it be one, or else supply my place with somebody who is a little more "strong-minded."

You know who my lost friend was, of course, for I saw you at the funeral on Sunday, exchanging a word with the Rev. Dr. Chapin, and thanking him for the really beautiful and impressive service with which he so touched and consoled every heart.

DR. FRANKS was not so widely known as many who have had much less to do with the public, for his connection with the press was long since discontinued, and his professional business, though extensive, was not of a nature to draw him much from home.

I doubt if many of your readers are aware that he was ever connected with the press at all, either as publisher or writer: and yet he was the founder, publisher, and one of the most active editors of the first illustrated humorous paper published in this country—to wit, "YAKKES DOODLE,"—a paper which drew around it all the wits of the city, and just failed of being a brilliant success: it was founded, I think, in 1846, and continued for about two years.

The doctor sunk a little fortune in the enterprise—as all his successors in the same line have done—and then went back to his original business (that of a job printer) in connexion with which, some years after, he issued a sprightly little sheet, entitled ALL THE DAY OVER, for which he wrote, among other things, several serial stories: for this style of composition, by the way, he had quite a passion, having published some six or seven, the most notable of which were entitled "Guilford, or Tried by his Peers;" "Ethan Allen, or the King's Men;" "The Bookakin, or the Camp of the Besiegers;" "The Master of Langford;" "The Fatal Legacy, or the Doomed Heir;" and "The Cruiser, or Thirty Years Ago."

Add to this, that the doctor left several novels in manuscript, and you see that in his time he did a good deal of pretty hard literary work.

In due course of time, however, he got tired of such matters, and giving up them and his single state at about the same time, married the daughter of Dr. J. Clawson Kelley, took to the study of medicine, succeeded, on the death of Dr. Kelley, to his business, and for the last dozen years or so attended strictly and successfully to that, leaving literary pursuits, like a sensible man, to such poor fellows as you and I.

Well, he was a most excellent man, both in and out of our guild, and has left among those of us who knew him well, memories which

Wake to perish never,
Which neither time nor man, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor eagle that is at equity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

How much interest the doctor took in our little paper—how frankly and intelligently he criticized it—how ardently he watched its growth and rejoiced in its success—how he amused and instructed us with his reminiscences of newspaper-life twenty years ago—in a word, how pleasant and profitable his intercourse with us was from the first—I need not remind you.

The recollection of it all will come back to us with every recurring day, so that the name of our friend FRANKS will form one of the pleasantest of the many (dear me, how many!) pleasant associations connected with the SATURDAY PRESS.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me turn from the grave to the gay, even if afterward I have to make another transition from the lively to the severe.

The fact is, an hour has past since writing the

above, and I have spent it in reading the dramatic Feuilleton which Oakley Hall got off the other day in the Marine Court for the amusement of the jury impanelled in the famous case of Daly vs. Bateman.

I suppose he gave a dramatic Feuilleton instead of a Legal Argument because he thought it would require less study and be much more entertaining.

And he was right; it required no study at all, and was as entertaining as a farce.

You see Oakley has been kind of stage-struck for a long time, and this is the first chance he has had, for years, to show his "stage learning," as Owen Shingle would call it.

And he did show it, with a vengeance, especially when he got as far as Shakespeare, and instituted that magnificent comparison between him and Daly—the Bard of Avon and the Bard of Spruce, as one might say, seeing Daly's soft-soap mission to Philadelphia.

Well, Oakley wasn't so far out of the way after all.

It is certainly true that to be a dramatic genius is a great thing, and equally true that Shakespeare and Daly possess more dramatic genius than any other two persons that could be named.

It is the old story, however, of the American in London, who got unheard of credit there on the ground that he and John Jacob Astor had more money than any other two men in New York: which was true enough, only Astor had all of it.

I beg to offer this illustration to the learned District Attorney to use in his next Feuilleton.

Yes, and I don't mind giving him another.

He would have us—no, not us, but the jury—believe that Daly is a great creator: well, he doesn't believe anything of the kind, Hall doesn't, but Daly is a great creator, nevertheless: he is like the young man who, when his father asked him where he got a certain new coat, replied, "I created it, father." "Created it—what do you mean by that, sir?" "Why, I said 'let it be made, and it was made.'"

Now if Daly isn't a creator, in this sense, pray who is?

He said to a poor young devil, "Let Leah be made," and it was made: so of course he created it.

The poor young devil has had to whistle for his money ever since, to be sure, but Daly is a creative genius, for all that, "which nobody can deny."

You see, Mr. Editor, I happen to be posted up in this Bateman-Daly business, so Hall's speech, Feuilleton, or whatever, is probably more comic to me than to anybody else in town—not excepting Bateman.

In fact, I don't think it was at all comic to Bateman.

He took the whole thing in earnest, and went home half believing he was the original Shylock!

It wouldn't have surprised me to see him the next day wandering up and down our New York-Rialto with a pair of scales in his hand, and crying out for his pound of flesh.

A pretty Shylock Bateman would make, indeed! Why, I'd bet an oyster supper (not one of Daly's "ten dollar" ones, with which he pretends to have bought up Philadelphia) that he can't even play the part on the stage.

Not but what Bateman is close enough in business—not but what when he buys a play and pays for it he thinks it is his—not but what when an agent has collected any money for him, he expects to receive it (there's the rub!)—not but what he will refuse to pay for services not contracted for—not but what he will resist all attempts at "black mail"—but as for being a Shylock nobody knows better than Oakley Hall (unless it be Daly), that he might as well be called a Lilliput.

But Oakley had a case to get, and invented as bad things about Bateman as, if he had been counsel on the other side, he might have said without using his invention at all, about his paltry client.

And it was all done so cleverly, so wittily, so dramatically, so audaciously, so Oakley-ly, and the jury had so much stage dust thrown in their eyes, that the case went as if by default.

I am sorry I wasn't in court, as Artemus Ward was, to see the fun: he says it was a scene to be remembered "till noon next year."

The poor jurymen never heard so much theatrical lore in their lives, and swallowed it down as if it had been Gospel—no, not that exactly (for there were too many Jews among them) but as if it had been lager.

For the time being, and under the influence of the District Attorney's Thespian oratory, I think the laugh was against Bateman (I say "laugh" because the whole thing took the form of a farce); but now all is changed, and the mirth of the town is directed against Hall, who is generally advised to give up the law, and turn his attention to the drama—especially to his favorite department burlesque.

Never mind; the shrewdest lawyers will "put their foot in it" now and then, and Oakley, who is as adroit as an acrobat, will get out of his scrape in less than a month if he has to officiate in prosecuting Daly for refusing to pay the translator of "Leah."

Meanwhile, the decision of the Marine Court has already been reversed by the higher court of the public, and now that Bateman has published his crushing reply to Hall (which I hope you will print), the whole matter had better be taken out of the hands of the lawyers and left to take care of itself.

And now, if Hall were here (by the way, go to Brady's gallery and see how handsome he looks when he is out of court), I give you my word I would get him to finish this Feuilleton, in which case, I have no doubt he would commence by praising Miss Bateman's splendid acting all the week at Niblo's (in "Ingomar,") and end by taking back all the

sense he uttered the other day about the young lady being indebted for her reputation to "Leah."

But the stage-stricken gentleman is not here, so I must go through without his help.

There is not much, however, to go through with.

Miss Bateman's Parthenia has forced prizes even from my all but cynical friend of the Tribune, who says that in several important qualities of thought it is the best he has ever chanced to see, and that "her portrayal of maiden innocence and girlish simplicity, and also of what Walter Lytton's 'Richelieu' so prettily describes as 'the dove's innocent scorn,' is as bewitching as it is truthful."

The critic of the Tribune uses even stronger language, saying among other things, that Parthenia is Miss Bateman's "best impersonation, and should attract her admirers en masse."

For myself, I have no hesitation in saying that her rendering of the part—especially during the scenes of the second act—approaches my idea of perfection.

In fact, if "Ingomar" were just a little better and more attention were paid to the scenery, properties, etc. I don't see why it shouldn't prove a greater success than "Leah." [It is an infinitely better play, and, to my notion, far better adapted to Miss Bateman's peculiar powers.]

Still, "Leah" is a very effective play, and those who insist, with our theatrical District Attorney, that Miss Bateman appears to more advantage in it than in any other, will have an opportunity to show their preference this afternoon, when the piece will be performed for the last time this season, and Miss Bateman will doubtless be happy to welcome the D. A. and all his friends.

Next week—D. A. volens—the young lady will appear only in the character of Parthenia, and you may count on Niblo's being one of the great head-centres of attraction.

Another head-centre will be Wallack's, where Mr. Lester Wallack will appear on Monday in "To Marry or not to Marry," and on Tuesday in "Don Caesar de Bazan," after which his brief but brilliant series of performances will terminate for the season, and we are to have Charles Reade's long-promised "Never too late to Mend."

The only other attractions I can think of for the moment are "The Three Guardsmen," at the Olympic, "The Earthquake or the Spectre of the Nile," (a superb spectacular piece,) at Barnum's, the Der Freischütz Matinee to-day at the Academy—and the Grand Organ Concert to-morrow (Saturday) evening at Irving Hall.

Hoping to see you at some or all of them—which I doubtless shall if I am there—I remain,

Yours figuratively,

FIGARO.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FLANEUR.

V.

Non patitur sine ad dubia linguas arva;
Non patitur fugiens.

If there is anything to test the philosophic calmness of a Flaneur, it is the necessity of moving on the First of May.

Victor Hugo has finely described the agony of expectation of a certain misfortune, approaching as inevitably as time and as inexorably as fate, in his *Derniers Jours d'un condamné*.

My own ill fortune brings forcibly to mind the dreadful future in store for myself and all my fellow sufferers who shall be forced to "move" on the approaching First of May.

Why on earth out of the entire three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, should this one have been chosen for the annual hejira of those who are unfortunately in the position of tenants?

It is the day of the earth's regeneration, and was the commencement of the Roman Saturnalia, and is celebrated in all poetry as the birth of Spring.

But alas! here in this sad city we must be all called early on that morning for a very different purpose than partaking in the festivities of a May celebration, or possibly acting as consort to the Queen of the May.

The romance and sentiment connected with this real commencement of the year is sadly destroyed by making it what it is in this city.

It would be singular to study the influence upon a man of poetic nature of a childhood whose celebrations of its young May days were only movings.

It may not seem much to us, but in reality these youthful associations go very far towards making up the character of men.

Imagine a child whose Christmas brought only some such association to his mind, instead of the happy meeting of the family, the gifts, the tree, and all the little nothings that go to make that day at least a cheerful one.

How much of literature would be a dead letter for him? How impossible it would be for him to enter familiarly into the hilarity of the occasion? He would always feel like a stranger and intruder.

This season of the year is one when the glory and beauty of nature are most impressed upon the mind, for at this time we are in the condition to receive its influence.

We have just about recovered from the dreariness of winter; the windows can now be left open; the ladies appear in their spring silks and new bonnets; the equisettes promenade resplendent in suits of light colors; a white hat does not look out of place, and imagination can entertain without a shiver the prospect of a straw hat and a blue ribbon.

And then, too, the days are so splendid, so clear and clean, that a natural impulse is to renew our

youth, and with the trees put forth a fresh new foliage of hopes and resolves.

Johnson used to say that he had no patience with a man who pretended that the weather had any influence upon him; but Johnson was hardly a man upon whom anything would have much influence—a bluff, burly man, with not acute senses, careless of his eating, near-sighted, introspective, and self-involved, he was probably affected but very little by the weather.

His religion also was of that kind which supposes that virtue is abnegation; that man to be perfect must resemble the close-cropped trees and shrubs of a Dutch garden, rather than the graceful irregularities of natural growth.

But a man of sensibility cannot help being impressed with the fresh warmth of spring. It has a natural force that none of the "modern improvements" can imitate; it enters into the very marrow of the bones as no stove, nor furnace, nor open fire, can ever do; it is genial, natural, healthy, while the others are artificial, and, at best, only more or less successful imitations.

Now that the result of our boasted civilization should have resulted only in forcing us, at the period when we are fresh for its enjoyment, into having communion with nature, to mix with landlords, lodging-house keepers, carmen, porters, and the swarm of such parasitical insects, who live upon the miseries of the body politic, is a mortification and disgrace to every well-intentioned man.

Such occasions as this present make us envy the asceticism of our old friend, Simon Stylites; for him the revolving years brought no First of May; passing his entire life open to the gaze of the world, it was never imperative for him to display his laces and penates, his pots and pans, to the unsympathizing inspection of a scoffing crowd.

No vulgar bands were ever laid upon the holy of holies of his domestic life; secure on the top of his column, he let the busy world pass by, and kept his place, holding his soul in quiet.

Such occasions as the First of May mortify us with the inexorable evidence of how artificial our life is, how different from that of Diogenes, who threw away his only piece of furniture, a drinking-cup, when he saw a child use his hand as one.

The beasts are our superiors in this matter: they have no artificial wants; they are self-poised, and carry all that they want about with them.

When the early discoverers of this country first approached the islands they were confounded with the life of the men they found there; and no wonder that they were.

Think of a life with the atmosphere for a wardrobe, the sea for a bath, the breeze for a towel, the trees for your larder, the sun for your cooking-range, and the sword for your couch. These are all the absolute necessities of life ready at hand, and only waiting to be used.

Now is it necessary in the nature of things that those who lead such lives should want the refinements of life; what is wanting is not to educate civilization from such conditions, but to reduce civilization to such a state of things.

Then the largest prudence is carelessness of the morrow.

Being men, not machines—living as men, not working mechanically—growing happy rather than growing rich—gaining wisdom rather than money—"moving" but once, and then into heavenly mansions, where there is no moth, nor rust, nor thieves.

THE FLANEUR.

THE BATEMAN-DALY CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE N. Y. EXPRESS:—

GENTLEMEN.—As you have paid me the high compliment of dedicating more than two columns of your valuable journal to a thorough report of the suit brought against me by your theatrical critic, Mr. Daly, and the address with which his Counsel, A. Oakley Hall, summed up the merits of the case, perhaps you will permit me space to state as briefly as possible the actual facts of a matter which, when stripped of legal quibbles, can readily be understood by the plain common sense of our fellow-citizens. And now to the facts as to "how actresses are made famous by authors," &c. In the spring of 1863, Miss Bateman appeared at the Winter Garden Theatre in various characters of the standard drama, and achieved the position in public estimation which she has since maintained. Her greatest success was as Julia in the Hunchback, as many will remember. In the same year, while performing at the same theatre, Mrs. Methus-Scheller said to me, in the presence of her husband and Mr. Daly, then the dramatic critic of the COURIER, that the German play "Deborah" would be wonderfully suited to Miss Bateman's style. In a very short time after, Mr. Daly wrote me that he had a manuscript play to offer for my acceptance. This play proved to be the Deborah to which Mrs. Methus had referred to, which Mr. Daly had employed a young man to translate for him, for which service (as also for the translation of several other plays which have held a very brief possession of the stage), neither he nor the literary gentleman who assisted in preparing them for the stage have ever been paid by Mr. Daly, to this day; as suits now brought against him in the Marine Court will prove. Mr. Methus expressed to me his chagrin that he (Daly) should have seized upon an idea suggested by Mrs. Methus without allowing him, a good German and English scholar, a share of either the profit or honor of the transaction. But this is irrelevant, except as showing the character of the man for whom public sympathy is desired.

Upon reading the play—crude, unformed as it was—I made an unfavorable decision, but was overpersuaded to accept it—which I did at the price of \$250, the same amount I had paid during the same season to Mr. T. DeWalden for the successful play "Rosa Gregorio." Your dramatic critic of that time sent wedding cards to the Winter Garden on the very evening we had determined to accept the play, and it was rebaptized "Leah" by my daughter, after the lady, a perfect stranger, whose quaint and beautiful Jewish name was on the cards.

The piece was originally produced in Boston, but it was in a great measure re-written—new arrangements of scenes and acts being found necessary, the names changed—the strongest improbabilities glossed over, and the language, so far as time would permit, re-modelled. Mr. Daly was not in Boston at any time previous to its production, nor did he ever suggest or know anything about the alterations or arrangements of scenery, tableaux, &c., &c.—which theatrical persons are well aware is the only merit which the play possesses, except the beautiful touching story of the poor Jewess and her wrongs, which is *verbal*, as written by Doctor Mosenthal, the author. Those who knew Mr. Daly are aware that at the time of which I write, he was a struggling young man, earning four dollars per column, as a writer for the *Saturday Courier*.

Be this as it may, writers and theatrical people will well understand that for a young man in this position to have a play accepted by an actress of eminence, and carefully shorn of its most glaring incongruities, and made actable by a practiced hand, was indeed an onward step. Even if no money was received by him at all, it would have been, for an unknown writer, a profitable investment of time. For his incomplete sketch, however, I paid Mr. Daly the same amount I did Mr. DeWalden, an experienced writer. To return—the play was brought out in Boston with all the care possible on my part, and that of my family, and I well remember the anxiety and nervous restlessness with which we all watched its progress, not for the sake of Miss Bateman, the actress, whose position by no means depended on a new play—but with kindly interest and good will for the young writer, who, struggling bravely against the hindrances of poverty, and without education or advantages of any kind, save tact and industry, had taken such a venture as putting his name before the public, as the adaptor of a play, which, in spite of all the care bestowed upon it, possessed only too many vulnerable points for the attack of an adversary. Its success was tolerable only. It was liked, but did not attract so well as the plays previously produced in Boston. On Miss Bateman's return to New York, she appeared in Leah, and achieved a complete success in the character. The play was so roughly handled by the critics, that I felt a sort of partisanship in the matter; and I myself had personal issues with several gentlemen attached to the New York press for their manner of speaking—not of Miss Bateman—but of the adaptor of the play.

In view of these circumstances, Mr. Daly was very frequently at Niblo's Garden during the time the piece was played, and prepared at this time the memoir of which, I believe, there are still extant a few copies which I shall offer to the Astor Library, or the Historical Society, as specimens of what the District Attorney of the year 1866 characterizes as "As beautiful a written book as ever was perused." I trust he is a better judge of law, or "many an error, by the same example, will creep into the State"—to quote his favorite play. What the quality of the article was, however, does not affect the justice of its being paid for, if it was understood as labor performed for a price; but I am prepared to show that this was not so understood, and that by my taking Mr. Daly on to Philadelphia solely to defend his play against like attacks to those made by the press of New York, the benefit given him (and no part of the contract), on the last occasion Leah was played before Miss Bateman departed for Europe, by which he realized \$229, and the many kindnesses shown him in every way, were clearly evidences of the good feeling that existed, and that the writing he did at this time was a voluntary return for such kindness. Had I employed any one to write a memoir of Miss Bateman, I should, when he brought such a one as that concocted by Mr. D., have said and with justice "I cannot use this;" but instead of so doing I quietly withdrew the flimsy affair, feeling that the young writer had got into deeper water than he was able to swim in, but with too much good will towards him to wish to hurt his feelings by telling him so. If, however, he had any claim against me or mine, why was it never preferred before the year 1866? This is the real gist of the whole matter. When Miss Bateman went to Europe in 1863, she did so with no intention of acting but to recover her failing health which excessive labor had affected. I told Mr. Daly, however, at this time that should she play Leah—if I could secure the copyright—I would give him a like amount to that paid him for the play originally. The copyright could not be secured. I had the play entirely re-written to endeavor to effect that desired end, but even then as *Deborah, Rachel, Rebecca*, etc., it was played in every theatre in Great Britain. The real author, Dr. Mosenthal, wrote to ask from Miss Bateman a benefit as an acknowledgment of his services as the original creator of a character which before Mr. Daly's vast gifts had breathed into a soulless translation the breath of life had obtained and sustained a cordial recognition on the German stage.

Feeling the justice of the claim, Dr. Mosenthal received in lieu of a benefit the sum of £40. I believe the first time the author of a play ever received any

payment from those who purchased the translation. During her absence of two years and a half abroad, I gave Mr. Daly the privilege of disposing of the right to perform the play in every city except Boston and New York—he to share with Miss Bateman the amounts received from such performances. For this he received in all, according to his own statement, about \$700, of which money he never gave any account either to myself or Miss Bateman, nor did we ever wish or ask him to do so, feeling glad to be able to give him the privilege. When Miss Bateman's return was announced, he requested of me the right to print and sell the book of Leah in the theatre when it was played. I declined, as I did not care to have the "dramatic-pustule" again renewed, and therefore preferred adhering to the English version, which having been played by Miss Bateman for the past two years it would have been most inconvenient to change, and of course it would be impossible to permit one version of a play to be acted and another sold in the lobby of the theatre. Had Mr. Daly been willing to print and sell for his own emolument the acting edition of the play he had my full permission to do so, but I found that his late dramatic successes (as "Judith," etc.), had greatly changed the "modest young man," as I characterized him, when compelled to respond in his behalf to the call of the author of Leah on the occasion of his benefit in 1863, but subsequently I found him to be a different man. Miss Bateman returned on the 12th and opened on 15th of January. On the day of her arrival she received a letter from Mr. Daly, speaking of me in a disrespectful manner, and demanding from her the sum, I think, of \$300 for the performance of Leah in England. (The manner of speaking of me placed personal communication with Mr. Daly out of my daughter's power.) She therefore directed Mr. Harrison, her agent, to settle the matter as he thought fit. He did so, and to save annoyance to her, and avoid what Mr. Daly evidently desired, a quarrel, by which he could gain notoriety at her expense, gave Mr. Daly a quittance for the share of \$700 due Miss Bateman and \$150 in cash, for which Mr. Daly gave a receipt. A few days after, Miss Bateman received another letter from Mr. Daly, demanding from her \$410 for literary services rendered her—those for which he afterwards sued me. The next day I believe she received a lawyer's letter to the same effect, and the day after a writ was served upon her summoning her to appear at the Marine Court.

To avoid the unpleasant publicity of such a proceeding, she, by the advice of her lawyers, plead minority. I scarcely think any man who reads this would have wished that his daughter should have acted otherwise, or would not shrink from Miss Bateman's being subjected to an ordeal so repugnant to the feelings of a lady. Of course I fully expected the claim would then be made against me and was prepared to defend it, not through any legal technicality, but simply on the plain merits of the question. I positively denying that I ever owed Mr. Daly the amount claimed and also demanding why, if he could prove that I was indebted to him, he had never asked me for the amount so claimed, either by letter, during my absence, or personally during the frequent interviews I had with him since my return to New York last July. I regret that my counsel should have used the argument that Miss Bateman was a minor, and therefore not liable, and I an agent and so claimed the same immunity. Such a defense was not contemplated by me, and was not in my answer to the complaint, and no doubt their intentions were good and the plea a legal one, but I simply wished them to deny that Mr. Daly had any claim against me of any sort whatever, and that, had he had any just claim, he would have advanced it before; that his design from first to last was to avenge his wounded vanity which was galled by his not being announced as the author of the play "Leah," when it was reproduced at Niblo's Garden and to give pain and annoyance to a young lady whose widely spread fame he has done his best to disparage.—The amount claimed was a trifle—the principal of right involved is a great one, which no one in public should ignore, and resolves itself simply into this:—"What extortion must I not endure rather than be dragged before the public by those who having no personal standing can afford to assail me?" A few more words will close this lengthy statement, although I could give many more facts, and weighty ones, did time and space permit. You have copied rather a garbled report of the trial. Permit me to positively contradict one statement. In response to the question "Has your daughter not played Leah more than any other character," my reply was, "Yes, because it is the only tragic character she can play every night," meaning that it required less physical effort than any other leading tragic part. I positively deny that I ever said, "Because it is so perfectly suited to her talents." You have also given in extenso the speech of the District Attorney. I leave the merits of that production, the style in which it is written, the evident animus of the whole affair to the judgment and good taste of the community. In one sense I hope it may prove useful.

There are many young girls who are emulous of the fame Miss Bateman has been so fortunate as to acquire. Let them note how that fame places them in danger of attack from venal pens, and rejoice in the quiet peaceful obscurity of domestic life. As regards the patronymic of Shylock, I do not accept it, although I have always thought the poor Jew treated in a most unchristian manner by the scoffers who certainly cheated him out of his odd bargain. I do not myself covet a pound of any merchant's flesh in New York, but if I did I should expect of him call at Centre Market and settle—

though Southdown mutton or grass-fed beef would be more to my liking.

I would strike a casual observer that I occupy far more the position of Antonio—I demand nothing—while my flesh and blood—"I say my daughter is my flesh and blood"—has been assailed in the pursuit of an unjust claim. Really, I think the district attorney and his client show a great resemblance to Shylock in the pertinacity with which their impossible and fictitious claim is clung to. Poor Antonio Bateman, whose greatest fault has been too much kindness and liberality, paid Daly \$1,089 over and above the original \$250 which was given for the crude outlines of the play of "Leah."

By my position, I am indebted to energy, tact, and nerve which has never failed me, and which has enabled me to conduct successfully the various enterprises with which I have been associated. Wealth gained by my daughter's exertions I have none. Her receipts are entirely and solely her own property, and I am happy to be able to say that she will be able to live handsomely on the amount her own labors and the best exertions of her family have enabled her to secure, with the pleasant conviction that she has not one dollar unworthily acquired, or that she has gained by a wrong done to another. I know that there are many gentlemen of the legal profession who can say the same. I sincerely wish they all could. As to her merits or demerits as an actress, they have gained at least the best recognition of the 19th century—success. Opinions differ. Many will attach more importance to the dramatic taste of Thackeray, Bulwer, Dickens, etc., than of our district attorney—but this is a matter of opinion. Judging of his literary acumen as pleased with the Daly biography, I should hesitate to recognize his good taste as a dramatic critic, and am inclined to think he was sufficiently paid by the "scant money" he gained in that way as a boy. To be serious, I am satisfied to live down the abuse that the district attorney lavished upon me and mine, and wish him no worse fortune than to have as clear a conscience and as much to be proud of, both as a man and a father, as I have.

H. L. BATEMAN.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

I.
Poor little rayless star;
And dost thou lie
In the dull socket of the midnight sky
A stricken, useless eye?
A blighting scar,
Blotting night's innocent beauty far
And nigh?
II.
I cannot think it so—
That thou art one
Of those and virgins who a duty shun,
And o'er the which was done,
Sure they might know,
Their untimely lamps burned out, and lo!
"The Son?"
III.
Then is the story true,
Thy marriage fast?
Thy mortal lord finds not thy joy increased,
But thy sweet life diseased?
O, dead to rue!
For better hadst thou feigned the shrew
At least!
IV.
Thou dost a lesson teach:
The voice that sings,
Yet drops below the world's diviner things,
Will surely find it brings
Defiled speech
To wall, as angels wrestled each
Of wings.
V.
So with the heart that seems
A cunning lute,
Attuned to symmetry of pure repute,
Yet in a sorry tune,
Hath spelt its themes;
Then after are its falsest dreams
All mute.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Cultivation of the Grape. By W. C. Strong. 12mo. pp. 335. Boston: Tilton & Co.
The Book of Roses. By Francis Parkman. 12mo. pp. 225. Boston: J. B. Tilton & Co.
The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel. By F. C. Armstrong, author of The Two Midshipmen, The Medora, etc., etc. Paper; pp. 126. New York: The American News Co.
Asphodel. 12mo. pp. 234. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
Ralph: and Other Poems. By Henry L. Abbey. 12mo. pp. 66. Rochester: Horatio Pows. New York: N. Tibbals, 87 Park Row.
Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Miss Oliphant, author of Chronicles of Carlingford, The Perpetual Curate, etc. 8vo; paper; pp. 102. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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THE GREEK MAIDEN,

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(Continued from Page 3.)

"Well, I must say," a Blanche made her appearance, "that Annette has turned you out in good style; you don't look as if you had spent great part of yesterday on the top of Mont Cenis."

Blanche was not Mrs. Leslie's daughter, though her name was also Leslie, but her niece, and the two cousins were the closest of friends; very much alike in spirit and animation, but in appearance such a contrast, that each appeared to peculiar advantage in the presence of the other. Blanche was very tall, with a commanding sweep of figure, while Mary was rather square and substantial; Blanche had a complexion of lilies and roses, and a profusion of soft, wavy brown hair whose natural ringlets could scarcely be controlled by the plaitings and twistings which fashion required; but all this, though excessively pretty, in no way interfered with the charm of Mary's fine dark eyes, and beautifully-moulded head, on which the black hair, braided as closely as possible, shone glossy and smooth as velvet. In short, they would have made a perfect tableau as Rosalind and Celia.

Blanche had been considerably spoiled by her dear mamma, who had been left very young a widow with this only child, but who, happily perhaps, had died before the spoiling had gone seriously deep, and had left her daughter, a beauty and an heiress of thirteen, to the joint guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Leslie, and of some old friends of her own, Lord and Lady Beresford, who, having no unmarried daughter, had insisted on taking Blanche to live with them immediately after her mother's death, now about four years ago; and she had continued to be the *enfant de la maison* ever since, to the extreme pleasure of the old couple, and apparently with tolerable contentment to herself, until this very autumn, when, for reasons of her own, she had taken a sudden freak to go to Rome with her aunt and cousin.

This freak she had performed, it must be confessed, rather with the precipitation of a spoiled child than with the demureness to be expected from a damsel of seventeen. She had been brought to town by Lord and Lady Beresford, who came up in the hope, that now, Sebastopol being at last taken, any day might bring them home their only son, who had been some years absent on active service even before his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, had been ordered to the Crimea.

One morning, when Mrs. Leslie's house in Green street was astir with preparation, portmanteaus and milliners' basket being drawn forth from their hiding-places, and ladies and ladies' maids in earnest consultation over them—just three days, in fact, before the southward journey was to begin—Lady Beresford's carriage drove to the door, and out stepped Blanche alone.

"I am going with you to Rome," was her greeting to her astonished aunt; "don't say no, for I am quite determined; so if there is anything to be done about passports, please to do it; and as to the money, you must settle all that afterwards."

"My dear, does Lady Beresford approve?"

"Highly disapproves, of course; very angry indeed; but I have had it all out with her, and she knows she can't help it; so please, please, dear aunt, don't be cross. It is all settled; and Annette is to come in the evening with my luggage, for I am going to stay here till you go."

Mrs. Leslie remonstrated; Mary remonstrated, though so very glad, that her remonstrances lacked force; but it was all the same—Blanche was quite determined; and it was not till after much cross-questioning that she condescended to reveal the reasons of her proceeding which were not received by her aunt and cousin with the gravity she expected. However, Mrs. Leslie, of course, made a point of going to Lady Beresford as soon as possible for a private consultation, about which her niece knew nothing; the result of which was that it was settled though most reluctantly on the part of the poor old couple, that the wilful child must have her way; and accordingly she had set forth with the Leslies, and found herself with them, on the rainy afternoon in question, at the *Hotel de la Croix de Malte*, at Genoa.

"Did you ever see such rain?" was her first remark, as it had been Mary's.

"We were just saying," said Mary, that we have a charming prospect for the Magra. It serves us right for aiding and abetting you, you naughty child. If we are drowned, I shall always say you were the Jonah."

"Satisfactory the information will be to the fishes," said Blanche laughing.

"A disconsolate damsel running away from her guardians always comes to grief," persisted Mary; "it would not be moral if she did not, for the sake of example."

Blanche held up her head; her aunt and cousin often affronted her by laughing at her precipitate flight.

"You may throw back that silly little head of yours," said her aunt, "but I shall always say the same: that you are behaving like a simpleton. I should think you were the only girl in England who would run away for fear of having to marry a young officer whom every one speaks well of, and who must have a great deal in him, to be so steady to his profession, and heir to a peerage besides."

"There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

sung Mary, in her gay, musical voice.

"I don't care," said Blanche, laughing in spite of herself. "If he were an archangel I would have done just the same. Fancy writing to a man, and telling him to make haste home and marry me: me, whom he has never seen; and all because I have

money! And what sort of muff must be to do it?"

"My dear, he has not done it," said Mary, hooting with laughter.

"Come, be just, silly child," said her aunt, "his sentiments have in no way transpired; you don't even know whether his lordship's letter ever reached him."

"A couple of old simpletons, begging their pardons," said Mary, "to have shown their game, if they had only let Colonel Beresford come home, crowned with laurels, and held their stupid tongues, you would have been safe to have fallen in love with each other."

"Fancy," said Blanche, still in high indignation, "when I have never been out, never seen anything of life, to book me in that way: to tell me I was a settled thing, and that dearest mamma had agreed to it: a likely thing! You know, aunt, they said it was settled; Herbert must have consented."

"I don't believe it," said her aunt; "but I'm sure I don't know. The Beresfords are not rich, and young men like money."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted them; and Mrs. Leslie and Mary, still laughing, accompanied our incensed heroine down the broad marble staircase.

Any one who has travelled along the beautiful coast-road from Genoa to Pisa, knows that the usual stop at a Genoa table d'hôte is the probability or non-probability of being able to cross the Magra to at least it was before the railway had been carried over it, as we understand is now the case; and is, in the month of October, every one is pressing southward, the Magra is for the time being "the bourse from whence no traveller returns" to give the desired information.

There happened, however, on the present occasion to be an exception to the general rule. A party of young officers, on their return from the Crimea, had just arrived from Pisa, and could certify that the Magra was passable two days ago, but said to be swelling every moment, as indeed must, they feared, be the case, in such rain.

"I am sorry to hear that," said a very distinguished-looking young man, who had just come in, and whose beard and bronzed cheek betokened him also to be a Crimean; "a bad look-out for me."

"For you, my good fellow?" asked one of the officers, to whom, as indeed to all the rest, the new arrival seemed well known; "you are going in our direction, are you not? indeed I thought you were at home already."

"On the contrary," said the young man laughing, "I am this moment come from Marseilles by the packet."

"From Marseilles?" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Yes, from Marseilles; and very unpleasant I found it; so that I mean to go on by land. I am going to Rome for the winter, or part of the winter."

We cannot deny that at this our two young ladies exchanged imperceptible glances; half-conscious thoughts just shooting through their minds to the effect that they might perhaps meet this very pleasant looking stranger in some of the parties in Rome. It was certainly within the range of possibility.

"Well, you're a cool hand, that's certain: after two years' absence, not to go and see your own people."

"After six, you may say; you know our brigade was ordered straight from the Cape to the Crimea." "More shame for you, you undutiful fellow; but I suppose there's a strong attraction in Rome?"

"A strong repulsion somewhere else." This was in a lower tone, but did not escape his opposite neighbors, though the conclusion of the sentence did.

"Well, we shall have you back soon, at any rate," was the reply. "You know you're safe of your Victoria Cross."

The conversation then turned again on the Magra, and every one had something wonderful to relate of that formidable torrent.

There may be even in this age some few who stay at home, and such may happen never to have heard of the Magra. For their benefit, therefore, we must state that it is a mountain stream between Spezia and Carrara, which, in its normal state, is a modest brook easily fordable; but, unfortunately for travelers from the north, the season when they wish to cross it being in the very midst of the autumn rains, it is at that time in anything but this amiable condition; for a few days of wet sometimes suffice to swell it to such a pitch that it carries away, not only the bridges which men from time have attempted to throw over it, but vineyards and olive groves, and even whole villages, leaving the Val di Magra (of which Dante sings) a scene of utter desolation. When in a state anything approaching to this, it can with difficulty be crossed even in a boat, on account of the swiftness of the current; and of course it is the interest, and consequently the practice of the innkeepers at Spezia to persuade travelers that matters are in this condition much oftener than they really are. This refers, as was before said, to the state of things some years ago. If, as we have been told, the Magra is now really spanned by a railway bridge which it is unable to sweep away, it must be a great loss to the Spezia innkeepers, but a great blessing to the travelers whom they have been in the habit of fleecing.

CHAPTER II.

All that evening the rain kept pouring on; but the next morning the blue sky reappeared, and our travelers set forth in sunshine, brilliant, though fitful, which added enchanting effects of light and shade to the beautiful coast-road along which their

first day's journey led them; but as they reached its termination, the curious, rocky Scetri, jutting far out into the sea, the sun was setting in a bank of formidable storm-clouds; and before the night was over, the cattering of heavy rain against the windows, heard even in the midst of the howling of winds and aashing of waves, promised badly for the Magra.

On the next evening, when the lumbering vettura which contained our three ladies, their two ladies' maids, their courier, Brissot (now getting old and past his work), and an unlimited amount of luggage, arrived at the exquisite little town of Spezia, all inquiries on this engrossing subject were met, as usual, with a mournful shake of the head.

"There had been a great deal of rain, but their excellencies would see to-morrow morning."

When to-morrow came, the aspect of affairs did not appear to be much improved: blow, blow, blow; rain, rain, rain; and our ladies, when they came in to breakfast, were greeted by Brissot with a face grievously elongated, and hands uplifted in despair.

"No Magra to-day, ladies; it is impossible!"

"Nonsense, Brissot," said Mrs. Leslie, who did not really believe in impossibility; "don't you know the people at the inn always say that?"

A mournful shake of the head was Brissot's only reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Leslie, "let us have our breakfast in peace, at all events, and then we will settle what is to be done."

Spezia is certainly a little Paradise—there can be no doubt about that; but no one likes to remain even in Paradise on compulsion; and, on a rainy day, a pretty place has no very material advantage over an ugly one: and the thought of having to maintain a vetturino and four horses through an unlimited futurity of enforced idleness, is enough to change Paradise into something not unlike its antipodes.

However, there seemed no fighting against fate.

"What must be, must, I suppose," said Mrs. Leslie.

"But, my dear aunt," said Blanche, "what on the earth shall we do with ourselves here all day?"

"What, my dear?—collapse on our beds, of course," said Mary, always weary enough to be patient of a day of compulsory repose.

"Well, I have a suggestion to make," said Blanche.

"Queen Blanche is a woman of vigorous counsels," said Mary; "what is it, dear?—Loop up our dresses, and wade?"

"No," said Blanche; "float on our crinolines. But seriously, tell me, aunt—we must pay for the man and the horses to-day, whether we use them or not?"

"I am afraid it is so written in the bond. The Magra comes decidedly under the head of *Forcé Majoure*."

"I thought so: well then, why not use them? Suppose we tell Brissot to pay the bill, and pack everything, and then drive to the water's edge, and see for ourselves. If we have to turn back, we shall at least have the comfort of knowing that we have not been cheated."

"That is what I call strong-minded," said Mrs. Leslie; "a very good plan."

Accordingly, Brissot was summoned, and, after a little argumentation, consented to the arrangement. In process of time it was announced that all was ready, and they went down to the carriage, amid the reiterated assurances of landlord and waiters that they would be back again before dinner-time.

"Is the Magra passable?" asked Mrs. Leslie of a long-bearded, sandalled Capuchin, who stood in the hall.

"Spero, ma dubito," was the cautious reply; but there was a twinkle in his eye somewhat reassuring.

Off they drove, splashing through the mud; and at last, as they drew near the sandy, slushing plain of the torrent, a large travelling-carriage and four, straight from the Magra, dashed triumphantly towards them, the coachman nodding to their vetturino as he passed.

"Si passa," said the vetturino; and Brissot, looking back into the carriage, telegraphed that all was right.

When they had got fairly down on the strand, it appeared that the torrent had forced out for itself a second channel of no inconsiderable width, which must be crossed before arriving at the main stream. A little boat was in readiness to ferry over the passengers; but Brissot decided that, as it was raining hard, the ladies had better sit still in the carriage, for the half-naked, savage-looking beings who came crowding round, assured him that this channel was easily fordable.

The first thing to be done was to take out the horses, and put oxen in their stead, which they harnessed with ropes; an affair which took more than twenty minutes to accomplish. It was accomplished at last, however; and to the music of the most unearthly shoutings and shriekings, the heavily-laden equipage was launched with a desperate plunge into the rushing, turbid stream. With great difficulty the oxen strained against the current, the carriage lurching most unpleasantly. On they went, however, with struggling plunges, till, in the very midst of the torrent, crack went the ropes, down went the two foremost beasts, kicking and floundering, while the carriage remained planted in the water, which so filled it in a moment, that Mrs. Leslie and one of the maids were sitting up to their knees in water, as in a foot-tub, though the young ladies, with more presence of mind and agility, had tucked their feet up on the seat.

"Don't scream," whispered Blanche to the maid, who, looking out of the window, had seen one wheel portentously elevated. "Dear aunt, don't be fright-

ened; see how shallow it is; these men are all wading; the water is barely up to their waists."

But Mrs. Leslie was given to screaming; though very enterprising, she wanted presence of mind, and drowning was her especial aversion; so she screamed on. Mary sat quite still and silent, a shade paler than usual, but showing no other sign of alarm.

"Dear ladies!—angels of ladies!" sobbed Brissot, looking back from the box, "they are gone back to the town for more rope; don't be frightened."

"All the way to Spezia?" asked Blanche; "a pleasant prospect!"

The girls scorned the idea of being frightened; but they felt by no means comfortable when the overloaded carriage began to incline very decidedly to one side; and the shouting, screaming creatures who were splashing round them did not afford much consolation; for when Mrs. Leslie asked imploringly if there were no means of being carried to the further bank, they only shook their heads and pointed to the current, which was sweeping by with dizzying velocity.

At this moment our prisoners heard a tremendous splashing close to them, and looking out, saw a light travelling-carriage containing two gentlemen, one of them apparently an Italian, but the other, a young Englishman—the very Crimean officer returned from Marseilles, whom they had met at the table d'hôte, and who, springing into the water, was in an instant at their window.

"For heaven's sake, sir," shouted Brissot, "take care! you are risking your life! you can never stand against the current; and you don't know all the holes in the river as these people do."

"Never you mind that," said the Englishman; and in a moment he looked to the broken harness, saw what was the matter, and, rapidly desiring his Italian friend (who showed no disposition to tempt the stream himself) to drive on rapidly to Sarzana and order abundant fires, he set himself to repair the mischief with straps from the portmanteaus, to the astonishment of the unaccustomed savages whom he pressed into his service, and to the unbounded gratitude and admiration of Brissot.

The ladies scarcely saw what was going on; but the very presence of an Englishman and an officer reassured them; and when the carriage resumed its equilibrium, and the oxen began slowly to move it forward, before there had been time to bring rope from Spezia, they knew whose resource and promptitude they had to thank.

At last the carriage, with the ladies still in it, was safely stowed away on board the large flat-bottomed boat which is ferried across the main stream, and which makes slow progress against the powerful current.

"I hope you are not very wet," said the Englishman, coming to the window.

"Not materially, thank you," said Blanche.

"Only mamma," said Mary, "who chose to sit with her feet in the water."

"I don't know how to thank you enough," said Mrs. Leslie. "I am sure you saved our lives."

"I can hardly flatter myself so much as that," said the young man, smiling. "I don't think you were in any real danger."

"We were in a great deal of fear at all events," said Blanche, laughing. "I don't think I ever felt frightened before."

"Then, indeed, you behaved like a heroine; for I did not hear any approach to a scream."

"Except from me," interrupted Mrs. Leslie; "I never could stand cold water."

"I am afraid you have had too much of it, dear mamma," said Mary, anxiously. "How you shiver; you are drenched through! I do hope you have not caught cold."

"Quick, quick! get to Sarzana as fast as possible," said the Englishman, expediting as much as he could the tardy process of landing and harnessing, and then mounting the seat by the vetturino. His presence seemed to put a little mettle both into driver and horses, and it was not long before they arrived.

"I hope there is a good fire for these ladies, and plenty of hot water," said he, in excellent Italian, to the obsequious padrone; "they have got wet in the Magra."

"All ready, eccellenza; the other signore ordered it, if these ladies will follow me."

The Englishman, without waiting for a word of thanks, hurried them to the door of their apartment, and took his leave. There they were much comforted at the sight of what seemed half a tree already blazing on the hearth, while men and maids in abundance were proffering hot water and warming-pans.

These last were much to the purpose; for Mrs. Leslie, at least, was so thoroughly drowned as to be fit for nothing but bed, especially as the luggage had got so wet that almost every article had to be unpacked and hung out to dry beside the ample fire, before a change could be procured. The ladies' maids were in great woe over soaked dresses and dripping bonnets; but the young ladies themselves bore the *contradictions* with smiling philosophy, more occupied, if the truth be told, with speculating on who the hero might be who had so opportunely come to their rescue, than with mourning over the damage to their wardrobe incurred by the misadventure.

Their curiosity as to their benefactor was not, however, destined to be then satisfied; for when, after drying, and dressing, and dining, they inquired for him, they were told that he had only just stayed to change his dress, and then had driven on with his companion towards Pietra Santa, en route for Pisa and Florence.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Blanche, how do you feel now you are starting for your first ball? I remember I felt all in a cold creep from head to foot."

"Yes," said Blanche, laughing, "and vexed your mother, I know, by looking like a piece of faded waxwork, as she is always calling you."

"But I want to know how you feel yourself, and that is just what you won't tell me. Let me look at you: no faded waxwork there, certainly—though I am not sure that you are not the least bit paler than usual; let me feel your pulse."

"Like Hamlet to his mother? You won't get any more satisfaction out of me than Mrs. Hamlet did out of him; here—feel," holding out her white, braceleted wrist.

"It temperately keeps time," said Mary, "I cannot deny it; but don't you feel in the least as if something were going to happen?"

"Oh! Mary, it is only in story-books that heroines meet their destiny, like Cinderella, at their first ball."

"Is it only in story-books?"

"I can't judge; of course you can, who have been out one season already."

"Well, not one's destiny, perhaps; but things do happen at balls; and I should think in Rome, particularly, where all people worth knowing are sure to turn up, as mamma says, at one time or another. Suppose, now, we were to meet our hero of the *Magra*; would you call that an adventure?"

"A very likely one to happen, if only we were going to an English house; he must be in Rome by this time."

"No chance of meeting any English to-night, except such as have first-rate introductions."

"Why should he not have first-rate introductions?"

"It depends on who he is, of course. This is a very exclusive house; the people never gave a ball before; it is only on the occasion of the marriage of the young Principe; for balls are not begun in the regular course of things, I imagine: so mamma says, and she knows Rome and Roman ways."

"Every one will take us for sisters, especially as we are dressed alike."

"Yes; and as you are Miss Leslie, and so much more imposing, while I am only Miss Mary Leslie, and of contemptible stature, you will be set down for the eldest, which I consider a great triumph, I being really two years ahead."

"Let me look at you, my dears," said Mrs. Leslie, coming into the room, "and see if I approve of your appearance."

She must have been fastidious if she had not approved of the two graceful figures which stood before her for inspection, throwing off burnous and shawl, and revealing the simple tarian dresses looped with roses and lilies of the valley, while a wreath of the same flowers crowned each young head, equally becoming to the dark classic braids of the one and the luxuriant golden tresses of the other. She was fastidious enough, but this time she did approve thoroughly, and was well pleased to have such a niece and daughter to present to the Roman world, of which, she herself, in her youth, had been no inconsiderable ornament.

The two young English girls were thoroughly appreciated at the Princess del D's ball, and the more so that they were the only English, and consequently the only unmarried ladies present. They were engaged for half the evening before they had been in the room five minutes.

"Signorina mia mi permetti di presentarle il Signor Colonello,"—something quite foreign to any English name that was ever heard of.

Blanche looked up, and found that the bridegroom Principe was presenting to her no other than the hero of the *Magra*. She was sitting at that moment by her aunt, who though she had no idea what the name was, could do no other than frankly extend her hand, and tell the gentleman how glad she was to meet him again, and how glad she should be to see him if he would call the following evening at her apartments in the Piazza di Spagna.

It was rather late in the ball, and Blanche was engaged, as we have seen, for many dances; however, she gladly promised her hand for the first dance she had free. The stranger did not seem enthusiastic about dancing; for when he found that Mary also was engaged, he stood aloof, a mere spectator, until the time came when he could elaim Blanche as his partner.

"Who is he?" inquired Mrs. Leslie of one of the ladies of her acquaintance.

"Un certo colonello, non so," answered she, with the peculiar Italian shrug; "viene da Crimea; figlio di milord a buonissima famiglia; ma il nome, non lo so."

"Those English names are so difficult," said another; "Creco, Creci, mi pare; che so io?"

Among the numbers who were presented to Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies they recognized the Italian gentleman who was the travelling companion of their friend at the *Magra*, and who was introduced as the Principe B—; but as the young ladies were engaged, and so unable to dance with him, he merely bowed and sought a partner elsewhere, which was a disappointment, as some information might have been hoped for from him.

As it was, they were obliged to remain in ignorance, promising themselves to search the visitors' book at Piale's the next morning, which Mrs. Leslie felt the more imperative as she could not help seeing that the unknown and Blanche seemed to be getting on remarkably well. Blanche, as a beauty and an heiress, was no inconsiderable charge; and though her aunt had assisted her escape from the summary

"marrying up" which her simple hearted guardians had projected, yet in her secret soul she thought the match they had proposed a very good one, and had resolved that, while under her care, the wilful child should not throw herself away on any one of inferior pretensions.

"That unknown is nice, is he not?" asked Mary, after they had returned home. "I was so sorry I was not able to dance with him."

"Oh, Mary! I never met any one half so nice; so gentle, so unboastful, and reserved about himself and his own doings, and yet so full of interesting stories, when you once draw him out; I could listen to him for ever."

"Deademonia!" whispered Mary.

"My dear," said Mrs. Leslie, with something almost sharp in her voice, "all soldiers are like that. If you had waited to see Herbert Beresford, as you ought, I have no doubt he would have been just the same. I always heard he was particularly agreeable."

"Did you ask your friend if he knew Colonel Beresford?" inquired Mary.

"Not I," said Blanche, impatiently; "we had something better to talk about."

Mrs. Leslie felt slightly anxious, but she knew her *miter* of chaperon better than to let it appear; so she chattered, and let the girls chatter as fast as they pleased, while they drank their tea, and then sent them off to bed.

"I shall write to Lady Beresford, and advise her to send Herbert out here, if he falls into the plan." Such was her ultimatum, as she laid her head on the pillow in the grey dawn of morning.

"Now, Mamma," said Mary, after a very late breakfast, "let us run across to Piale's and discover our incognito."

The unlighted in Roman ways must be informed that Piale is a bookseller in the Piazza di Spagna, and that on his table lies a book where most of the English visitors inscribe their names.

"Now let me see," said Mary, while Blanche looked over her shoulder.

"Captain Smith; no, he can't be Captain Smith, can he, mamma?"

"Yes;—why not?"

"Major Cresswell;—that's the man."

"Yes, yes; they said his name was Creci, which was very near for Italians."

"But they called him Colonel," objected Blanche. "The Italians call every officer colonello. That's the man, I'm certain. 'Hôtel d'Angleterre.'"

"Yes," said Blanche, "he said he was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, very near us."

"That settles the point," said Mrs. Leslie; "Cresswell: not a bad name."

A sudden exclamation from Mary startled them, and she pointed where, much lower down on the list, stood in characters unmistakably legible, the name of "Lieut.-Col. Honorable Herbert Beresford."

The ladies looked at one another petrified. Mrs. Leslie and Mary could scarcely keep their countenances, but Blanche was in towering indignation.

"This is too bad," she said, the tears starting into her eyes; "they have positively sent him after me. I call this downright persecution. I will never be introduced to him—never!"

"My dear, Piale will hear you," whispered Mrs. Leslie, "and you will be the talk of Rome. No one shall tease you while you are with me; but it won't hurt you to meet the young man in society like any one else. Come home, and don't be silly, and we'll think what we had better do."

Home they went, only a few steps off, and sat down to discuss the matter.

"The more I think of it," said Mrs. Leslie, after trying hard for a few minutes to compose her countenance so as to harmonize with the grave displeasure which Blanche's had assumed, "the more inexplicable it seems, or at least the more I am persuaded that the whole affair is simply accidental. He can't have had time, can he, to have gone back to England, seen his father and mother, found you fled, and rushed here after you? Only think how rapidly we travelled;—it is impossible."

"They probably wrote to him at Malta," said Blanche.

"No time," said Mrs. Leslie. "What was the date of his arrival, Mary, did you notice?"

"There was no date, mamma, of that; only 'Hôtel d'Angleterre.'"

"Oh! then," said Blanche, "we will ask Major Cresswell about him when he comes this evening, as he is at the same hotel."

At that moment Mary started, as a sudden thought struck her; and shot a very significant glance at her mother, who responded to it by a rapid gesture enforcing silence as to the idea which had evidently occurred to both minds at once.

"It is very impertinent," said poor Blanche, "and exceedingly annoying."

"My dear," said Mary, "you cannot complain that your enemy has been very aggressive. Surely he might have called on mamma, if he had chosen it, so old a friend of his family."

"Perhaps he is only just arrived," interrupted Blanche. "I know all my pleasure in Rome is gone now."

"Not quite, I hope; but come, I see your head is aching; let me bathe it with some eau de Cologne, or you will not be fit to see Major Cresswell this evening."

CHAPTER IV.

In the evening, the ladies were all, for various reasons, in a state of some trepidation, as they took their seats in their salon after their late dinner, and

began to expect the arrival of their guest. Mary was excellent on such occasions, and so, indeed, was Blanche too, generally, but just now she was more unhinged than usual, and felt quite grateful to Mary when she proposed their drowning their anxieties in a rattling duet.

In spite of the rattle, however, they kept their ears open, and at the first ring of their door-bell stopped with one accord.

A card was brought in—

"Lieut.-Colonel Beresford;"

and at the same moment entered its owner, who proved to be no other than the hero of the *Magra*.

At the first instant there was an awkward, taken-back pause, but it was only for an instant.

"So you are Colonel Beresford?" said Mrs. Leslie as she saw that he looked rather surprised at his reception. "We have been to-day searching Piale's book to ascertain your identity: we settled that you could not be Captain Smith, but that you might be Major Cresswell, and, I can scarcely tell why, but you were established in our minds as Major Cresswell, which made us start when you were introduced by another name."

Colonel Beresford laughed at the explanation, and confessed that he had been in something of a similar puzzle, but that Piale's had not occurred to him: in fact he had not put his own name there—some one had done it for him. He had forgotten the number Mrs. Leslie had told him, but had been directed to the apartment of the Signora Ingless with the dua bellissima signorina, and had only acquired a distinct idea of her name just this moment, from the card nailed up outside her door.

These mutual explanations proved altogether satisfactory, and set all parties at ease. The evening passed off delightfully, chiefly in music; Mary's clever playing and Blanche's beautiful singing were thoroughly appreciated, and when, towards the end, the party became increased by several Italians dropping in, Mrs. Leslie observed, and this time with unalloyed satisfaction, that Colonel Beresford took advantage of every opportunity for talking apart with Blanche.

"It is a pity," he said in taking leave, "that Cresswell should lose the great pleasure of your acquaintance because he does not happen to be me; may I bring him? I can answer for his being a very nice fellow."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Leslie; "we are always at home in the evening till nine o'clock."

When he was gone, the three ladies gathered round the hearth, and put on more wood as preparing for a talk; but for a few moments all sat silent.

"Blanche, my dear," at last said Mrs. Leslie, "this man's being here is pure accident; nothing else, depend upon it. There has been no time for communication with the people at home: besides, they promised me faithfully you should not be molested."

"Oh! as to that, mamma," interrupted Mary, "he may have found out that Blanche was here, and come of his own accord, without consulting any one. It certainly strikes me as strange, in so amiable a person as he seems to be, coming here to enjoy himself instead of going home to see his father and mother. Don't you remember he said something at that table d'hôte of having gone as far as Marseilles, homewards, and then turned back?"

"I am quite sure," said Blanche, "that, be all that as it may, he has no idea that I am myself; he takes us for sisters."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Leslie, "no freeborn Englishwoman can be married against her will. You are safe here with me, and he is a very pleasant person, and will do to sing and dance with, if you don't choose to marry him. And now go to bed, child, or you'll lose your roses, and then you'll have to submit to being married for your money after all."

CHAPTER V.

One evening after another passed very pleasantly. Major Cresswell was introduced, and proved to be a very superior man, in Mary's opinion at least, and her opinion luckily was right, and he appeared to consider her a very delightful young lady. Morning engagements grew out of evening ones; visits to picture galleries, riding parties in the Campagna, and, as the days lengthened and brightened, expeditions to Frascati, and Albano, and Tivoli—all the spring pleasures so well known to those who have had the privilege of enjoying a season in Rome. The Misses Leslie were much sought after, but by none so assiduously as by Major Cresswell and Colonel Beresford. This last soon discovered, what no one attempted to conceal, that the two girls were not sisters, but cousins; yet he evidently had no idea that the Miss Leslie in Rome and the Miss Leslie, his father's ward, were identical. This was often discussed as a matter of wonder between Mary and her mother; as to Blanche, she very soon became mute on everything connected with Colonel Beresford.

"It is very odd indeed," said Mrs. Leslie, "that he should suspect nothing. I suppose his mother is so glad that he happens to have turned up in Rome, that she has the wifit last to hold her tongue, as I have written to urge her to do."

"But how can it be that it never occurs to him, her name being Blanche, too?"

"That is the thing, I suspect; the Beresfords, you know, never call her Blanche, but Lina, from her second name, Caroline, on account of her having a Blanche of their own, Lady Devereux. I dare say they always wrote of Lina Leslie, if they ever wrote to him about her at all."

"I see; well; it is manifest enough how things are going; all's well that ends well."

"All's well that ends well," echoed her mother, kissing her forehead, with a secret prayer that all might end well for her also, of which there seemed every probability.

One beautiful evening in March, Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies went with a few friends to see the Coliseum by moonlight, and Colonel Beresford and Major Cresswell were, as usual, of the party. As soon as Colonel Beresford arrived, it was manifest, to Blanche at least, that something was the matter, for a cloud sat on his brow, usually so clear and open, and he seemed uncomfortable and abstracted, very unlike himself. However, he took his accustomed place by her side, and appeared more anxious even than usual to converse with her as much apart as circumstances allowed. As the whole party, divided into twos and threes, wandered about in the moonlight, it was not difficult to secure a sufficient *à-à-tête* for confidential conversation; but it was long before either spoke. At last, as with an effort, "I am afraid," he said, "that to-night I must wish you good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"Yes; I must be at Civita Vecchia in time to catch the direct boat to-morrow night."

"Why? has anything happened to your father or mother?" asked Blanche, anxiously.

"No, nothing. I may as well tell you; it is a quail of conscience, but one I can't get over. I think, after six years' absence, I have behaved very cruelly in coming here at all; and to-day I have had a letter, urging me to stay on and enjoy myself."

"Which has acted by contraries?" asked Blanche, inwardly smiling.

"Exactly; it made me feel what a brute I have been; and so I'm off."

Blanche dared not trust herself to speak; and he went on.

"But I cannot go without asking if I may ever hope to meet you again. I think you must have seen—you can scarcely have mistaken my feelings. Only just tell me if I may come back again; when I have seen my father and mother, may I come back to you? In short, can you give me any hope?"

"What Blanche's answer was we will not inquire; indeed, it might be reported as "inaudible in the gallery." Whatever it was, however, it seemed to give satisfaction, for the colonel's next observation, after a moment or two of entranced silence, was that "he was too happy."

"But Colonel Beresford," said Blanche, at last rallying all her dignity, "I must not let you go without explaining everything. I do not know, but I think you have not found out who I am."

"Who you are? Blanche—my own Blanche, I hope. What can you mean?"

"You know about Lina Leslie, your father's ward?"

"Well?"

"My name is Blanche Caroline, and they called me Lina."

"Is it possible?" He stopped short, and gazed in her face; and, in spite of the depths of sentiment in which they were plunged, they both burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well; that is a *dénouement*. My Blanche and Lina Leslie one and the same! My Blanche, I must tell you, that Lina has been my nightmare, my dread, my *bête noire*. It was to escape marrying you that I came here instead of going home."

"And it was to escape marrying you that I came here."

"Is it possible? I had no idea that they had spoken of you. I got letters at Marseilles, urging me to hurry home and secure this wonderful heiress, about whom they had been boring my life out already; so I turned about at once, and sailed back to Genoa in the very first packet."

"They told me I was to marry you; so I set off at once, and ran away here with my aunt and cousin."

"Well; if that is not poetical justice, I don't know what is."

Very much amused were Mrs. Leslie and Mary at this *dénouement*, which, even in the dim Roman lamp-light, was revealed to them by their first glance at Blanche's tell-tale face as they drove home.

"You are a couple of undutiful children," said Mrs. Leslie, when Colonel Beresford called the next morning, before starting for Civita Vecchia, "and do not deserve for things to turn out so happily."

"Very true," said the colonel, "and therefore do you not think that we are bound to make what reparation we can by carrying out our parents' wishes as soon as possible?"

All parties being at last agreed, there was nothing to wait for but the arrangements of lawyers and dressmakers. These, however—a splendid fortune and a proportionately splendid trousseau being in question—were sufficiently tardy, or at least would have been, but that Major Cresswell's regiment was unexpectedly ordered to Corfu. Major Cresswell would not depart without Mary, by this time his promised bride, and Blanche would not hear of being married without Mary for her bridesmaid. So settlements and lace flounces had to be expedited, and early in the month of June Blanche became, what she had so often vowed she would rather die than become, the wife of Herbert Beresford.

And now eight years have passed and neither party has repented; they can scarcely even regret the folly of their mutual avoidance, as it brought about so satisfactory a result, though they are quite ready to laugh at each other and at themselves, and to tell their little ones the story of their "much ado about nothing."

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